Vol. IV. NO. 52.

PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY,

AND

Weekly Register.

PRINTED BY JOHN W. SCOTT, *No. 27, BANK-STREET, (Back of No. 73, CHESNUT-STREET)*
Where Subscriptions, and Literary Communications, will be thankfully received.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 29, 1804

LAMANTATIONS OF

QUEEN ALLA.

(From the Irish.)

HOW solemn is the hour of night! when all things listen to the voice of love! —Welcome ye awful shades, all hail your placid gloom. But, hark! is it the lark that calls upon the morn? The note unfolds the ear of night. And see the young-eyed messenger of day in twinkling notes sings on the breast of heaven, while the star-dropt waves of Allen seek the pebbled shore. Sweet were your charms, ye moon-tinged waves, ye hazel wilds, ye rocks and willows green; when gentle Binna smiled upon you all, as on his lips love budded in a thousand forms; the song of Salla rested there, sweeter than the breath of roses.

Whither art thou fled from thy disconsolate Queen?—Listen ye rocks and willows to my song. O thou, that art beautiful among the children of spring, return to thy disconsolate Queen.—the rocks listen to my sorrows, and the leaves are attentive to my sighs; but thou art absent and cannot hear. My eyes hang on thy return, and my sighs steal to meet thee. O thou, that art fairer than the visions of the morning, return, and light up joys once more in the soul of Alla. My, ear drinks in the breezes; but thy accents are not there. O where shall I find thee, or whither bend my flight? The queen of Farra detains thee; her charms have bewitched thy soul.—She has lulled thee on her bosom, and the melody of waterfalls prolongs thy dreams—the linnet sprinkles the air with notes, the breezes steal thy breath, and the roses thy complexion. I see, I see the blushes crimson thy cheek—I see, I see—Ah! cease to upbraid—thy prince is true, no eye invites his constant soul; his queen alone employs his thoughts; nor whisper this complaint, ye listening winds, that Alla should suspect her Binna's faith. O! torn from love and me, say whither art thou fled? Has Sela's straggling host seized on my love? Yes, thou art seized; I see thee bound; I hear thee call; but ah! in vain, I cannot help; no pitying spirit there to lend its aid. I hear thy name, yes, sure I do; the breezes tell me thou art there.

Oh! why on our return did I desert my prince, to prepare the rosy wreath, the cooling liquor, and the shady bower —my dreams forewarned me of the sad event—the wreath too withered, and the morning's tears shone faintly on the violet pale, and joyless was thy solitary bower. Perhaps now in the bower of death, new-cropp'd, you lie, the loveliest floweret there—the dart of Dana pierced thy bleeding breast—it did, thy ghost glided by me, on the pinions of a dream, like a flake of snow on the blast of winter. I felt thy kiss cool as the dews of April. I grasped the vision, and it melted into air. Ah! why did I leave my prince in the valley of Arva?

There the dart of Dana sought thy bosom—there the thicket hid the foe. Ah! why did I leave thee when danger was nigh?—I should have shared it with thee: my ardent breast should have interposed, and shielded thee from the enemy—We should have fallen together, and the bards would sing our loves, and the virgins of Corra weave our garlands.—O thou, that wast swift among the roes of Barra, pleasant were thy streams, O Barra! There I first beheld my prince. Assist my plaint, ye streams of Barra—on thy banks I first beheld my love. Thy murmurs invited him to sleep, and thy willows watched over his slumbers. His cheeks spoke the language of roses, and his countenance was the harbinger of love. His hair was spun from the blossoms of Edur—beautiful were thy flowing locks, like a flight of linnets. Thy forehead shone smooth as polished yew, and mild as the opening gleam of water; thy chin was like a rosebud, and thy lips like the fresh cut sallow root: thy limbs lay careless like the branches of the new fallen oak. Thy charms sunk deep in my heart, and my eyes floated in mist. I beheld thee like some fair form in a vision, and the music of thy voice melted my soul; for it is far sweeter than the streams of Barra; and sweet are thy streams, O Barra! Oft let the flowerets shade thy blue-eyed margin—Oft let thy circling wave reflect the wand'ring moon; for on thy banks I first beheld my love.

But thou art gone, and the dreams of midnight shew me how you fell amidst the enemy; far from thy unhappy queen. —Thy eye sought me as it sunk in death; but I was not there to close it. Had I been there thou hadst not died—my tears would have softened death—nor would his dismal shade have been spread over thee. But thou art fallen far from the presence of thy queen; thou didst not sink upon her faithful bosom—no weeping flowers expired upon thy breast, nor mint upon thy feet. The stranger's finger closed thy eye; no friend was there to woo thy cheek to life—O thou, that wert beautiful among the flowers of Binna; thou whose accents woo'd the linnet, thou art pale, and sunk in death—thou sleepest among the sons of youth—No, thou wilt not speak to thy princess—She bedews thy cheeks, but thou kissest not away her tears; thou dost not hear

her sighs, nor dost pass her palm. Thou art lovely in the arms of death; thou art pale as the fresh pour'd noon-beam!—No more thy smiles light up my soul. Ah! sure thy spirit is fled! thy latest sigh would have reach'd me here.—What trembling motion of the troubled air now wafts, on full-spread pinions, sounds of woe?—How every flower droops low its head, nor cheerful linnet swells the morning note.—O thou, that art beautiful among the vales, return to thy princess; receive the gift wrought with thy much lov'd hair, through which thy snowy shoulders would appear like to the lily shinging through the dew spun fairy web of even.—Still on my lip I feel thy parting kiss, sweet as the drops of willow buds. O canst thou leave thy queen in the valley of Arva? In sighs she wears the night away—the sickly lute, the dying string no more shall charm the grove, nor soothe the heart of Alla.

Will not the spirit of Binna return on the wings of love, and hover o'er his dying Alla? Will he not sigh to hear her plaint? O thou that wert straight as the furrows of Edur and beautiful among the breezes of the morn, whose fingers were like the joints of Lorra's reeds, and eyebrows soft as the down of willows.—No more I'll listen to the airy harp of Allen. Ah! whither art thou fled. The sickly primrose droops for thy return, nor can the sun-beam dry her tears.—On friendship's wings you flew to the vale of Corra, and didst return. On the wings of battle you rushed to Darra, and didst return, On pleasure's wings you sailed to Allen, and didst return—but now thou'rt gone, and wilt return no more!—O then farewell, ye banks of Barra! Once more adieu, but still flow beauteous on!—Oh! Barra's banks farewell!

THE DUEL.

MELCOUR was deprived of his parents at too early an age to be sensible of his loss. An uncle received him into his house, and gave him the same liberal education that he bestowed upon Floranville, his son. The two youths, united by the tender claims of relationship, were not long insensible to the sweets of a friendship, which the habit of living together rendered stronger every day. Their high birth called them to the army; and, at a proper age, they each served their country in the same regiment. Floranville had never applied with any alacrity to his studies; and the dissipation inseparable from a military life, particularly in time of war, contributed to increase his blameable inattention. Melcour, on the contrary, united an excellent understanding to the most ardent desire of knowledge. His pursuits had been directed to the noblest objects; and an humane and susceptible disposition, assisted by serious reflection, inspired him with a generous aversion to the criminal practice of duelling, which was so fashionable when he entered into the service.

Their different tastes insensibly lessened the cordiality of their intercourse. Floranville, blinded by the love of pleasure, was soon involved in those difficulties which are the inevitable consequences of extravagance. Melcour, with friendly sympathy, assisted him with his purse, and urged every motive to draw him from the precipice on which he trembled. He represented to him how much his conduct must degrade him in the estimation of men of sense. 'Even those,' said he, 'who so agreeably flatter your very errors, will be the first to sting you with the severest sarcasms, the moment that they find you are hopeless of resource.—You give them credit for being your best friends. They have estranged you from me. They have painted me in the most disagreeable colours, and they have weakened, if not absolutely extinguished the friendship you have sworn to me. Wretches! they know the sincerity of my affection for you; my endeavours to expose their perfidious designs have not escaped them; and they have devoted me to punishment. Alas! my friend, should they succeed in totally estranging your heart from me, their triumph will be too complete. But, my dear Floranville, I plead not for myself alone. By the noble sentiments that united us in our infant years, I conjure you not to plunge a dagger in the bosom of the best of fathers. Were he a witness of your excesses, he would die the victim of his grief.'

Floranville was not unaffected by this friendly remonstrance. He even promised to reform his conduct. But his insidious companions in debauchery drew such alluring pictures of vice, that he had not the fortitude to resist the temptation. Melcour, discovering that his friend, having lost considerable sums at the gaming table, endeavoured to dissipate his vexation in a house of ill fame, ventured to follow him thither, warmly reminding him of his duty, and of his recent promises of reformation.

Floranville had now lost all regard to his character. Transported with unpardonable rage, he drew his sword on Melcour, who refusing to fight his cousin, this exasperated man insulted him in the grossest language, and but for a returning interval of reason, had certainly struck him. Melcour preserving the most amiable composure, restrained the natural suggestions of resentment; for notwithstanding the unworthy behaviour of Floranville, he still regarded him as a relation to whom he was bound by the tenderest ties of friendship.

This noble equanimity affected the aggressor, and roused him from his momentary frenzy. With an ingenuous shame he made a thousand apologies for his extravagant behaviour. His pardon was already in the heart of Melcour, who loved him too affectionately to with-hold it; and a profusion of embraces bespoke the inexpressible pleasure of reconciliation.

An officer of another regiment had been present at this dispute. He had observed the violent temper of Floranville, and the laudable moderation of his cousin he imputed to cowardice. He did not fail the next day to indulge himself in some satirical reflections, which were not unnoticed by the companions of Melcour. The slightest suspicion is injurious to the honour of a soldier. A minute enquiry being made into the circumstances of the affair, the persons, who had thus furnished a subject for the conversation of the whole garrison, were immediately given to understand, that the whole corps considered themselves as insulted in their persons, and that it was their indispensable duty to revenge the affront. Even the means were not left to their discretion. 'If,' said they, 'we have stated the transaction justly, it is absolutely requisite that you fight; but, if you have been unjustly accused, it is equally your duty to put that man to death, who has so scandalously traduced you. Imagine the situation of Melcour at this distressing moment. His principles forbade him to engage in a duel, and should he comply with the cruel injunctions of his corps, he would be reduced to the dreadful necessity of plunging his sword into the bosom of his companion, his relation, and his friend. In vain did he represent the motives by which his conduct was influenced. The appointment of the place of meeting, and of the arms to be pro-

vided, was all the answer he received. —Melcour, abandoned to the most inconsolable grief, withdrew to his apartments, Floranville, who came to seek him, found him leaning on a table. His hands cover his face. He weeps. Nor do his sighs meet with interruption, but from the tender repetitions of the name of Floranville. Overcome by this affecting scene, the latter throws himself at the feet of his friend. Melcour now perceives anew all the horror of his situation, and gently repulsing him—'What!' says he, dost thou appear before me, who in a moment after am to stab thee?'—He sinks into his cousin's arms; his tears flow apace. 'Oh Floranville, continued he, if thou die by my hand I will never survive thee. How could I ever see thy father? Alas! did that father protect my infant years only to see me bathed in the blood of his son? Unhappy old man! Whatever be the event of this unnatural combat, how exquisite must be the anguish of thy paternal heart!'

At this instant some officers force into the apartment. They came to inform Melcour, that he must delay no longer, if the reputation of valour were at all worthy of his regard. Distracting interval? The two friends continued in close embrace; and, sobbing, answer not a word.

Floranville, at length, more attentive to the cruel claims of honour than to the voice of friendship, first broke this painful silence. 'Come,' said he, rising, and offering his arm to Melcour, who could not bear his looks. 'What, barbarian!' answered the latter, 'thou wouldst wish me to go! No, relentles violators of happiness let me be disgraced by your wretched prejudices. I submit to it. I will not be a murderer. You seek my death! Come then, yourselves, and rid me of this detested life?' He rises, and, walking hastily, exclaims, 'Arm myself against him! Floranville, I shall see thee expire by my hand, and thy father—he will require his son of me—Where is my son! Where is my son; and I shall be covered with his blood!—What crime did he commit that thy arm—None, none, O my second father!—This was not the sudden sally of blind revenge. In our very embraces we turned our swords against each other. I was betrayed by a cruel prejudice—he fell beneath my arm, the victim of mistaken honour. No, no, Floranville. At these words, he fell on his cousin's neck, and held him closely to his heart—'I will not be thy assassin—No.—And you return to those who sent you hither. Tell them, that Melcour prefers imaginary disgrace to actual crime—to the most dreadful of crimes.' This answer decides the brave defaulter's doom. His companions assure him, with every appearance of reluctance, that, in declining the combat, he can no longer be considered as one of the corps. Imagine how much Floranville is affected at this cruel sentence—he who had plunged Melcour into such a depth of misery! His own ungovernable conduct was the cause of his friend's disgrace! Every thing he saw tended to heighten his despair. The consequences were apprehended; and they forced him from this scene of woe.

When Melcour was alone, he did not hesitate what part to follow. He would not return to his own province, where he might expect the severity of unjust reflections. Waiting, therefore, till this unhappy adventure could be forgotten, or placed in its true light, he proposed to perfect by travel the knowledge which he had acquired in solitude. The same night he made the necessary preparations for his journey, leaving a letter of instruction for his cousin, how to convey the periodical remittances of money that he was now of age to claim from his estate. He informed him of his intention to travel.

'Do you,' added he, 'acquaint my uncle, of my fate. Let him know, that I was solicited to cut your throat. How will he tremble at the recital! If those barbarians, influenced solely by false honour, think me unworthy to serve my king, enable your father at least to rejoice at my courageous efforts to spare you the commission of a crime. What a lesson! O my dear Floranville! you will profit by it. Your infatution has already vanished. Continue still to love me, and, if you restore me the possession of your heart, be far from thinking me unhappy.

Melcour departed at the brake of day, with only one attendant. He perceived at a distance a party of the enemy's troops, on the point of routing a much inferior number of the French. He could not see his countrymen almost overpowered without rushing to their assistance. Every idea of danger vanishes, and intent on glory only, this same Melcour, whose courage his brother officers had presumed to question, flies to the field of battle, performs prodigies of valour, carries off a standard from the assailants, and crowns his countrymen with triumph.

The commander of this detachment, delighted with the young stranger's bravery, intreated him to communicate his name. 'Sir,' answered he, 'I will presently discover it, but first please to inform me of the place of your destination.' —'I am going,' returned the officer, 'to take the command of the next garrison.' It was that from which Melcour had just departed. 'Well!' added he, 'I will have the honour to accompany you, and will there receive with pleasure the praises which you have the goodness to lavish upon me.'

They arrive. 'Sir,' said Melcour, 'the only favour I ask is, that you would assemble the officers of the regiment of **** [that which he had quitted.] This was done. Melcour appeared before them. 'Behold, gentlemen,' said he, 'the unfortunate victim of that false honour which renders you cruel and unjust, that idol which you universally adore, because I refused to dip my hands in the blood of a friend, my relation, when he had atoned for a very trifling fault by the sincerest sorrow; because I listened to the voice of humanity and religion; and because I have respected the laws of the kingdom! you have adjudged me unworthy to bear arms in its defence. You have been blinded by prejudice. You have not scrupled to accuse me of cowardice; but I am now amply avenged. This standard, which I have taken from the enemies of my Sovereign, is a sufficient testimony of my valour.'

The astonished General, affected by the magnanimity of Melcour, intreated him to resume his former post, while he undertook to represent this glorious action to the Minister. The gallant youth yielded to the pressing instances of the General, seconded by all the officers of his own corps. 'Receive again,' said the commander, 'that employment of which you were yesterday so violently deprived, as a tacit confession of the unjust prejudice that condemned you; and may your example, Sir, extirpate it for ever.' Then turning to the officers that surrounded him: 'This virtuous young man,' said he, 'teaches you never to impute cowardice to him who, faithfully adhering to the injunctions of due honour, and to the laws of his country, refuses to become a detestable murderer. Renounce, gentlemen, the fatal error of imaging that man to be truly brave, who can dare to cut the throat of a fellow-creature, in order to avenge an affront. Rather acknowledge his bravery, who rises superior to the base gratification of revenge. Let prejudice ever be sacrificed to virtue.

For the Philadelphia Repository.

THE SCRIBLER.—No. XXIV.

Lusisti satis edisti atque bibisti.

You've had your share of mirth, and meat, and drink,
'Tis time to quit the scene, 'tis time I think.

TO THE SCRIBLER.

SIR,

I AM seriously of opinion that the lines of my motto would very properly claim the attention of some of those characters of the present time, *who live to eat* and not as it appears evidently intended that they should "*eat to live*"—nothing is more disgusting than to see a man who has arrived at the 50th year of his age scarcely able to hobble, carried to half a dozen eating parties in a fortnight, with all the glee imaginable, stuff until, like the sloth, he falls down and lies torpid for hours, after which, if he has good fortune, some of the servants get him home early the next morning and with difficulty he is carried to bed, where he remains unfit for business for some days;— I am informed with much astonishment that this *hoggish* practice is not confined altogether to a few old dons of our city, but has become quite fashionable among beaux who have not yet seen the twentieth year of their age. A friend of mine, who a few evenings since had occasion to be out on an arbitration, which held their conference at a public house of some note, assured me that their deliberations were much interrupted by a parcel of "*Boys*" who were met in the next room to sup; on enquiry of the landlord who composed the noisy company, he observed they were a club of young gentlemen that assembled thrice a week to eat and drink, and that sometimes they had quite over done the matter, by falling one after another on the floor until not one could assist the other.—He further observed that they were excellent customers, for it had often happened that some who only came to spend an hour or two, were obliged to remain several days, in consequence of having gormandized sufficiently to incapacitate them for moving.

This shameful relation determined me to address you on this subject, it is one of magnitude, in my estimation, and doubtless will claim a portion of your consideration.—A practice so *beastly* deserves the most severe censure, for it will produce a twofold evil, the first, while it effects the speedy decay of a good constitution, and disables the subject from those necessary avocations which are requisite for a decent maintenance, impairs the mental faculties, and renders man a miserable being to drag out his days with the complicated misfortune of a diseased body, and what is still more to be dreaded a *shattered understanding*. I know my powers are inadequate to place this heinous evil in colours sufficiently glaring as to arrest the progress of those who are on the high road to dissipation, but I indulge a hope that you Mr. *Scribler*, will appropriate some moments of leisure to the subject, and if only one individual shall be convinced of the pernicious effects which will result, and direct his steps in a more rational path, the full reward, which ever awaits the endeavours of the virtuous, will be by you experienced, and a mite of pure satisfaction will be awarded to me, by being accessary to an event so desireable.

Your most obed't.
STUDIOSUS.

AFTER what has been said by my correspondent on this subject, it is unnessary for me to say more. This practice is so ridiculous, so degrading, and so detestable that its impropriety must strike every one at first view. When put in comparrison with drinking, it appears far less excusable. In jovial company, the free circulation of the bottle will admit of some extenuation, but the very idea of eating in so voracious and beastly a manner cannot be too much abhorred. Of a man guilty of this beastly practice, it may justly be said, that

By appetite seduc'd—to sense a slave,
With hasty steps he seeks an early grave.

P.

For the Philadelphia Repository.

MR. SCOTT,

You have my sincere thanks for publishing, so correctly as you have done the *Holiday Convocation* which was read at Mr. BARRATT'S *Examination* on the evening of the 25th October last. There were but two or three trifling errata in the whole piece: and those, every intelligent reader, on inspection, will readily correct. As an addition to that publication, be pleased to insert in your concluding paper, the two following originals, which were read the same evening, in the order in which they stand.

Your's sincerely, A.

Read by a little girl seven years of age.

FRIENDS—tho' I am too young to speak,
I know that you excuse will make,
When you consider that I ask
Your favour while I do my task.
Oh may you shew a smiling face!
Since Philahelphia is the place,
As our respected Tutor tells
Where Charity with Virtue dwells.
My task then is to vie with those
Who do our little class compose;
And try as well as I can do
To read and get the praise of—you;
My teacher tells me I must try
To learn to read in company;
For that's the way to gain an ease
In reading, which is sure to please,
And is so handsome and so rare,
Scarce two in ten good readers are.
Now as my sisters just have gone
Before me and their powers have shown,
And won your kind approving smiles,
A sweet reward for all their toils!
I also wish to share a part
Of honest praise with humble heart.
If I, like they be worthy found,
To share the praise of friends around.
I know you'll think it mighty queer,
That one so young as I appear
Before superiors, thus assuming
A task that might be thought presuming.
But you will cease to feel surprize
And not severely criticize,
When you turn o'er that saying grave
"All things must a beginning have;"
And think that I, tho' little now,
May hence to something greater grow;
May be, to give young ladies lectures,
Or be one of some school's directors.
For I have heard that on some stage,
A little boy, about my age,
Stood boldly up, and spoke his part,
Just like a man, with honest heart;
And hop'd good folks would not despise
Him for his age, nor yet his size.
"Large streams"—said he (and I will learn
To suit his language to my turn)—
"Large streams, from little fountains flow;
Tall oaks from little acorns grow:
And tho' I now am small and young,
Of judgment weak, and feeble tongue;
Yet all great learned folks like me,
Once learn'd to read their A B C.
And why may not our Teacher's rules
Instruct as well as any schools?
For 'tis confess'd that they are just;
And in them parents make me trust.
And why mayn't our lov'd city be
As great as those beyond the sea?
Or, where's the town, go far and near,
That does not find a rival here?
Or, where's the girl, but three feet high,
Who's made improvements more than I?"
These thoughts inspire my youthful breast
To strive for learning with the rest;
That I may still in knowledge rise,
And be at once both good and wise;
Nor ape dame Fashion, nor the great,
Nor nonsense talk, nor idly prate;
But Virtue, Modesty and Truth pursue,
To win my parents' love, and smiles from you.

ON THE PASSIONS.

WHEN we contemplate man, the noblest work of GOD, which this lower creation presents to our view, we find him possessed, not only of a power to discriminate between right and wrong; but the most delicate sensibility excited towards objects, which give him either pleasure or pain. Reason is that glorious and exalted faculty of the mind,

which links man in the great chain of intelligence descending and ascending to the great originator and essence of all. Sensibility of heart is what constitutes him a subject of happiness or misery, and from whence flow all the Passions; as Sympathy, Love, Hatred, Malice, Revenge, and the like. Destitute of the former, man would know without feeling; destitute of the latter, he would feel without knowing: To want either, would destroy the universal bands of society, and the great ends of creation.

Let me now, my dear Classmates, invite your attention to those Passions of the mind, which, governed by reason and refined by virtue, give heavenly pleasure to the sincere friend, the highest sensation of delight to the philosopher, and holy gratitude to the christain; but which, when indulged to excess, by the sensualist and wicked, are productive of all that misery, all that moral evil, and all those calamities, which have afflicted the children of men. There are two Ladies with whom I have had an imperfect acquaintance, and a knowledge of whose characters is highly interesting. I called on one of them, in a time of indigence and distress: no sooner had I reached her door, than she supplied all my necessities. I went into her house, when a stranger: she treated me with hospitality. I visited her, at a time when the relentless hand of death had bereft me of my connections and dear relations; when a melancholy gloom pervaded all my walks, and sorrows enexpressible deprived me of all the pleasures I possessed: She alleviated the agonies of my soul, and first taught me that resignation dwelt with happiness; and, by the charms of her conversation, restored me to the sweet enjoyment of life. While in her society, I enjoyed such pleasure as society never offered me before. I went to her again, clothed in the garb of sincerity; and asked for her friendship:—She gave me her heart. I went to her as a christian: no emotion was seen but that pure benevolence which reigns in Heaven itself; to whose courts she will one day be invited to dwell forever. I revisited her, in all the pomp and glory, which riches and honour can give: With a complete command of herself, she treated me with civility, and charmed me with her conversation. I viewed her in all the vicissitudes of human life; and found her always the same. I admired the graces which adorned her; and thought her the perfection of nature. I saw the sensualist and prophane approach; but they never entered her dwelling. She walked in the temple of Reason; and wore on her head the diadem of Minerva. She sat undisturbed, while the tide of human passions rolled beneath her; for they were visitants she never entertained. In her presence, the fairest rose faded;—the blushes of Aurora lost their excellence and the rainbow its beauty. But those charms, which altogether attracted my attention, were mental: I thought little of external graces—Here I must stop; for all description fails.

I must now turn with regret, from this enchanting scene, to one of a quite different complexion—to a character altogether different, and wholly reverse from the former. But—I will leave it to your own imaginations, to form the contrast, and to complete the picture.

Have you, young ladies, attentively beheld these two different characters, which I have endeavoured to present to your view. Do you consider, that you are, each one, forming a character for yourselves? Consider well, re-consider; and make a wise choice. I know to which of the two your judgments will turn; and happy am I that it is so! An imitation of the virtues of the first described character, will make you admired, loved, honoured and esteemed, by all your friends and acquaintances, and fill your minds with the sweet consolations of peace. To accomplish this, you must gain a complete ascendency over all your passions. Reason must take the rule.—The heroines of antiquity have performed exploits, highly celebrated in those barbarous times; the recital of which would cause the modesty of a more refined age to blush. But here are deeds to be performed,—a pure indulgence of all the human and benevolent feelings of the heart, and a complete subjugation of all the ruder passions,—at which virtue and modesty smile, and which are perfectly consistent with all the softer graces which adorn our sex. The mighty and renowned heroes marched at the head of armies, and astonished the world by their conquests. But here is a superior conquest to be gained;—a conquest over our passions,—a conquest within the reach of all; at which humanity shudders not; and which will crown the conqueror with honours more exalted,—the laurels of unfading glory. To this conquest, the wise sages of antiquity aspired:—To this conquest, philosophy, humanity, honour, glory, and our own temporal and eternal happiness invite. Let us, then, my dear Classmates, immediately begin the glorious contest, against Envy, Malice, Hatred, and Revenge, those inveterate enemies to our virtue and our peace. To learn to govern our passions is surely one of the most important parts of education; and yet (strange to tell!) it is the most of all neglected—How pleasing therefore, will it be to us, to reflect, that while we are improving ourselves in the most useful branches of learning, we are at the same time in a school of the most refined philosophy!

For the Philadelphia Repository.

A READER'S GLEANINGS. No. XII.

ORIENTAL APOLOGUE.

IN the reign of the wise Ravenshead, a band of Arabian robbers, having fortified themselves upon the top of a mountain, had desolated the roads and highways in the neighbourhood by their pillaging and barbarity, and were become formidable to the inhabitants of the country; the persons appointed for the preservation of the public peace being unable to protect them, they therefore petitioned the King to consult with his Ministers upon the most speedy and effectual method of dislodging the ruffians from their entrenchments, lest they should fortify themselves more strongly. A tree newly planted is easily pulled up; but, when it has taken root, it is difficult to shake it: A river may de dammed at its source with a handfull of earth; but, when swelled in its run, it is difficult to cross it on an elephant. The resolution of the assembly was to appoint a crafty and vigilant man to examine the condition of the robbers, and discover an occasion of attacking them at disadvantage. For this purpose a number of men were secretly planted in the woods and avenues of the mountain. In the mean time, a party of the robbers, being abroad pillaging, and returning at midnight with their booty, were surprized by those that lay in wait for them, and carried before the King, with their hands tied behind their backs. The King ordered them all to be executed: But the Visier, seeing among them an infant of remarkable beauty, kissed the foot of the Sublime Throne, and addressed the King to the following purport: 'Great and generous Prince! This child has but just tasted

the fruit of the vine of life; he knows not yet its value: I therefore humbly supplicate your Majesty in his behalf, and will esteem it a particular favour if the Royal clemency should extend to an unhappy criminal.'

"He will never become good," answered the King, "who is by nature wicked; and let us therefore cut down the trunk, and extirpate the roots. To kill the serpent, and spare the brood, would surely be no mark of wisdom." 'Powerful Prince!' replied the Visier, 'what the King has said is very just, but this unhappy boy has not been long with these robbers, and is not yet infected with their vices: I therefore hope, when educated among people of integrity, he will become honest. He is scarcely out of the state of infancy and cannot possibly be hardened in guilt. We are not born wicked: our parents give us what instructions they please; and we are Mahometants, Jews, Christians, or Idolaters, before we are capable of thinking.' "I pardon him, said the King, contrary to my duty and inclination. We should never pity the wicked because of their youth: A river is easily passed near its source; but, at a great distance from its fountain, it bears down the mules and camels with their loads."

The Visier, having thus obtained pardon for the little criminal, put him under the care of an able preceptor; by whose instructions he profited so much as to render himself agreeable to every body, and the Visier was so charmed with the lad's proficiency in every art and science, that he could not help praising his genius in the presence of the King, who, smiling, said: 'The progeny of a wolf will prowl for prey, though rear'd in the dwellings of men.' Accordingly, some years after, a body of rebels elected this young man their chief, and, binding themselves to him by the strongest ties, conspired the death of the Visier and his two sons, whom they assassinated along with their credulous father, sacking his palace, carrying off his riches, and retiring to the retrenchments of the robbers, whence they exercised every species of hostility and rebellion.

When the King received intelligence of this massacre, he cried with great agitation, 'It is impossible to make a good blade out of bad iron: Education will never humanize a heart that is savage by nature. Flowers are the produce of good soils, weeds of bad ones.—We ought not to shew favour to the guilty, and attempt in vain to reclaim them by benefits: It is as dangerous, and perhaps as criminal as to injure the innocent.'

BIOGRAPHY.

EXTRACT FROM THE LIFE OF GIBBON.

I HESITATE, from the apprehension of ridicule, when I approach the subject of my early love. *By this word I do not mean the polite attention, gallantry without hope or design, which has originated in the spirit of chivalry, and is interwoven with the texture of French manners. I understand by this passion union of desire, friendship and tenderness, which is inflamed by a single female: which prefers her to the rest of her sex, and which seeks her possession as the supreme or sole happiness of our being. I need not blush at recollecting the object of my choice; and tho' my love was disappointed of success, I am rather proud that I was once capable of feeling such a pure and exalted sentiment. The personal attractions of Mademoiselle Susan Curchod were embellished by the virtues and talents of the mind. Her mother, a native of France, had preferred her religion to her country. The profession of her father did not extinguish the moderation and philosophy of his temper,* and he lived contented with a small salary and laborious duty, in the obscure lot of minister of Crassy, in the mountains that separate the Prys de Vaud from the county Burgundy. In the solitude of a sequestered village, he bestowed a liberal and even education on his only daughter. She surpassed his hopes by her proficiency in the sciences and languages; and in her short visits to some relations at Lausanne, the wit, the beauty and the erudition of Mademoiselle Curchod were the theme of universal applause. The report of such a prodigy awakened my curiosity: I saw and loved. I found her learned without pedantry, lively in conversation, pure in sentiment, and elegant in manners; and the first sudden emotion was fortified by the habits and knowledge of a more familiar acquaintance. She permitted me to make her two or three visits at her father's house, I passed some happy days there in the mountains of Burgundy, and her parents honorably encouraged the connection. In a calm retirement the gay vanity of youth no longer fluttered in her bosom: she listened to the voice of truth and passion, and I might presume to hope that I had made some impression on a virtuous heart.—At Crassy and Lausanne I indulged my dream of felicity; but on my return to England I soon discovered that my father would not hear of this strange alliance, and that without his consent I was myself destitute and helpless. After a painful struggle I yielded to my fate. I sighed as a lover, I obeyed as a son; my wound was insensibly healed by time, absence and the habits of new life. My cure was accelerated by a faithful report of the tranquility and cheerfulness of the lady herself; and my love subsided in friendship and esteem. The minister of Crassy soon afterwards died, his stipend died with him; his daughter retired to Geneva, where, by teaching young ladies, she earned a hard subsistance for herself and her mother: but in her lowest distress she maintained a spotless reputation and a dignified behavior. A rich banker of Paris, a citizen of Geneva, had the good fortune and good sense to discover this inestimable treasure: and in the capitol of taste and luxury she resisted the temptations of wealth as she had sustained the hardships of indigence. The genius of her husband has exalted him to the most conspicuous station in Europe. In every change of prosperity and disgrace, he has reclined on the bosom of a faithful friend, and Mademoiselle Curchod is now the wife of M. Necker the minister, and perhaps the legislator of the French monarchy."
—P. 73—75.

* This is a scoff which is neither dictated by the spirit of moderation, nor by that of true philosophy,

Philadelª, *Dec.* 29, 1804.

TO THE PATRONS OF THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

AS the present Number completes the 4th volume of the *Philadelphia Repository*, the subsriber considers it necessary to inform his patrons, that agreeable to arrangements with Mess'rs IRWIN and KELLEY, he now relinquishes in favor of these gentlemen all his right to the publication: He has only to add his wishes for their increasing success, whilst he has reason to believe the Miscellany will be rendered more extensively useful than it has been under his conduct. The subscriber also, sensible of his own remissness in the editorial department, feels a presentiment that such will not be the case with his successors; in extenuation of this error in himself, he can

only say, he found other avocations so pressing, that to be both editor and printer, he has frequently experienced was a task too great for his contracted abilities; he however feels confident, that those who have had an opportunity of being acquainted with his situation, will readily exonorate him from the charge of intentional neglect.

The subscriber cannot forbear in this place to tender his thanks to Correspondents, and hopes he shall not be censured with the imputation of partiality, when he particularizes those *constant*, *beautiful*, and *interesting* writers "ADELIO" and "*The* SCRIBLER," whose compositions have been published by the editor with much pleasure, and have received general approbation from the readers of the *Repository*.

The subscriber now takes leave of his patrons under a sense of gratitude for their unremitting support and indulgence during the term of his proprietorship, hoping they may have greater cause for satisfaction in the future publication. JOHN W. SCOTT.

THE patrons of the *Philadelphia Repository* are informed, that in future the paper, will be conducted upon an extensive plan, comprehending the various ramifications attached to the department of Belles Lettres as well the more important duties within the sphere of Moral Science. It is presumed the enlargement will not encounter the frowning glance of those desirous for the dissemination of American literature, or meet the spurning repulse of him who sits down only to sip the juice of amusement from the vegetative fruit of Apolio's garden. Not appealing to illiberality that pertinaciously makes pecuniary motive a plea for self-denial, the modification will be viewed more with complacent generosity than suspicious distrust; rather with calm satisfaction, than peevish discontent.

IRWIN & KELLEY.

THANKSGIVING.

The Ministers of the Gospel of several religious denominations in the City of Philadelphia, solicit the serious attention of the people of their charge to the following *statement* and *recommendation*.

IT is at all times a duty which we owe to GOD to realize our infinite indebtedness to him, and to offer up thanksgiving and praise for his innumerable mercies. But in cases where singular interpositions of Providence have been apparent, the sentiments of every devout heart concur with the voice of the scripture, in calling for peculiar acknowledgments,—in saying "*O bless our God ye people and cause the voice of his praise to be heard—which holdeth our soul in life, and suffereth not our feet to be moved, I will offer in his tabernacle sacrifices of joy—I will sing, yea, I will sing praises unto the Lord.*"

In reviewing the dispensations of divine providence towards our city during the last summer and autumn, it is believed that every pious observer will remark the special kindness of the Sovereign Disposer of all events, and judge that we are called to a special acknowledgment of it. Within the period mentioned, we have been fully preserved from the desolating scourge of pestilence, with which at other times, we have been severely and awfully smitten. Health has smiled in our streets, and habitations, in place of contagion, dismay and death; and the occupations and comforts of life, in other seasons suspended and destroyed, have, during the last, been pursued with success and enjoyed without interruption. This, too, has happened at a time when many parts of the adjacent country (with which we sincerely sympathise,) have been visited with unusual and mortal sickness; so that we have not only been preserved from a calamity near at hand, but from the necessity of seeking a refuge when, in many instances, it might have been uncommonly difficult to find it. Impressed by these considerations, we have judged it to be our duty to recommend, and believed that it would fully accord with your wishes, that A DAY OF SOLEMN THANKSGIVING TO ALMIGHTY GOD should be set apart and observed. It seemed very desirable to appoint a day earlier than that which has ultimately been agreed on. But as unanimity among the various religious denominations was, in this interesting concern, a most important object, and it was found after a free and friendly conference, that the peculiar circumstances of some of the churches and engagements of ministers, did imperiously forbid the appropriation of a secular day before the 1st of January next, it was agreed to observe that for the purpose specified: And to endeavour to reclaim that day from vice and dissipation, and to consecrate it to the duties of devotion and piety, and especially to religious gratitude and thanksgiving, was suggested as an additional inducement to the selection that has been made. On that day, therefore, we earnestly recommend it to you to abstain from your accustomed secular pursuits, as well sports as labours, and in your closets, your families, and the places of your public worship to devote the time to such exercises of meditation and devotion as the contemplated solemnity demands:—To give thanks to God, first and above all things, for the unspeakable gift of his Son, for the influences of his Holy Spirit, for the light of the blessed gospel, and for the hopes of eternal life.—To mark and acknowledge with ardent gratitude the Divine goodness, in preserving the health of our city through the past year, and in permitting and prospering the various occupations and enterprize of the citizens:—To render praise for the inestimable blessings of civil and religious liberty, and for the numerous and distinguishing favours which are constantly conferred upon us.

And, as the confession of sin, humbling ourselves for it, imploring the influences of Divine grace, that we may be disposed and enabled to turn from every evil way, are not only consistent with the duty of thanksgiving, but indispensible to the proper performance of it, we recommend that the day proposed be also considered *as a season of humiliation, penitence and prayer*:—Then to confess, with unfeigned grief, our many sins and transgressions, especially the awful abounding of profaneness of various kinds in our city, as well as the prevalence of other enormities, which may justly cause us to fear the temporal chastisements of heaven, and which, if not repented of, must certainly expose the guilty to a more fearful punishment in the world to come:—To pray for the interposition of God, by his providence and by his grace, to prevent what we fear, and to reform what is amiss:—To beseech him to bless the administration of gospel ordinances, and the ministers of his holy religion:—To supplicate for "a day of his power," when many shall be made "his willing people,"—shall be "turned from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan unto God:"—To make "intersessions" for all that are "over us in authority," that they may possess "the spirit of their station, be a terror to evil doers, and a praise to them that do well; and that we may lead quiet and peaceable lives in godliness and honestly:"—To beseech him mercifully to continue to us the blessings of health and prosperity, and to extend them to all who, at present, are destitute of them; to bless the agricultre, commerce, and arts of our country; to smile on schools and seminaries of learning, and make them nurseries of piety as well as of knowledge; and, in fine, that he would dispose us, as a community, to live in obedience to all his holy laws; and make us truly happy under his Divine benediction.

Philad. Dec. 17, 1804.

Temple of the Muses.

For the Philadelphia Repository.

JUVENILE SCRAPS.—No. VIII.

NIGHT.

NOT long ago bright *Hesper* shone;
Then *Cynthia* on her silver throne:
But they've resign'd their beauteous light
To the black empire of the *Night*.
She now (array'd in sable robe,
Covering and dark'ning half the globe,
And gemm'd with countless glitt'ring stars)
Majestic on her car appears;
Whose gently-rolling wheels are driv'n
Unsounding o'er the plain of heav'n.
All Nature owns her ancient sway,
And Nature's works her nod obey.
Darkness and silence, all-profound,
She bids extend their reign around.
With dewy hand she opes her stores;
O'er the still world soft slumbers pours:
Tranquility and rest she spreads,
Commingled with her solemn shades;
And from her downy pinions throws
O'er Nature all a calm repose:
Save where ferocious beasts of prey
Thro' wilds and gloomy deserts stray;
When, bent on rapine or on blood,
They wake with howlings all the wood;
To whose harsh notes the owl replies,
And adds new terrors to their cries.
Such (nightly) are the Lybian wastes,
Thro' which th' affrighted traveller hastes,
While fearful yelling's mingled sound
More dismal makes the scenes around;
Alarms quick thro' his bosom roll;
Dire horrors seize upon his soul:
His blood grows chill; his courage flies;
And all the man within him dies.

'Tis now the dead of night—around,
I see no light, I hear no sound:
The scene impressively invites
Thought to her ever-varying flight;
And, tho' poetic laws refuse,
I'll let her fly where'er she chuse.

This is the season, this the hour,
When Fancy's ever-active pow'r
Displays before the human mind,
When to Sleep's sway the frame's resign'd,
Scenes of delight, or scenes of woe;
Of heav'n above, or hell below;
But, chiefly, scenes of bliss, or good,
Which man pursues, or has pursued—
The lover's joys; the poet's themes;
The rustica's groves or dimpled streams;
The merchant's gains; the lawyer's suits;
Of fortune's smiles the splendid fruits;
The glory of the regal crown;
Th' ambitious statesman's bright renown;
The farmer's fields adorn'd with grain;
The lab'rer's wages for his pains—
Such scenes (in dreams) from Fancy rise,
Of what poor mortals so much prize;
But, when they wake, the goods they miss,
On which they hung their golden bliss.
Now, such a fancy leads some man,
Beyond earth's little narrow span,
To hell's terrific gulph profound,
Where fiery horrors flame around:
He, in idea, feels the heat;
His trembling limbs are bath'd in sweat;
He writhes—he struggles to get free;
He wakes—'twas fancy'd misery.
Now some, caught up by magic pow'r,
On airy pinions seem to soar,
Tow'rds heav'n's empyrean on high,
To join the blessed in the sky—
Sudden, that pow'r (by which they were
Upborne) deserts them high in air;
Whence, headlong, down (they think) they fall
Tow'rds their far-distant native ball—
As suddenly, with fear they quake,
Falling, they start—and, starting wake;
When, happy change! they find they're laid
Secure from harm in safety's bed.
Now some one on a giddy steep
That overhangs a boist'rous deep,
Wanders along with careless pace,
Nor knows the danger of the place—
Walks tow'rd the verge, with mind at ease,
Till, all at once, the roaring seas
Assail his ears, the steep his eyes—
With horror wing'd, he starts,—he flies—
He wakes—lifts his distracted head—
Looks wildly round—the scene is fled.

Such are the dreams that slumber rend;
And such the dreams that life attend:
But, transient life will soon be o'er,
When dreams shall trouble man no more.

This is the season, this the hour,
(So runs the Muse's fable-lore)
When, from aerial, viewless delves,
Forth flit thro' air the fairy elves,
To seek the calm sequestred groves,
(Where kindred souls unfold their loves)
There all, in proper ranks combine,
And in their sportive gambols join;
Or, to the lonely verdant plains,
Where ever-pensive silence reigns,
With swiftly-sliding pace repair,
To swell their mystic dances there,
And other nightly revels keep,
While Nature round lies hush'd in sleep;
Sipping from acorn-cups the dews
Which Night thro' her dominion strews:
While stars and planets lend their light
To guide their nimble steppings right;
And tinkling rills soft music beat
To softer soundings of their feet.

This is the season, this the hour,
(If ancient records' pages pour
The genuine light of verity
And testimony from on high)
When, from the glorious world unknown,
Celestial spirits have come down,
And told what wond'rous goods are there
Retain'd in store for man the heir.
Now (it is said) departed souls,
In ev'ry clime between the poles,
Rise from black churchyards' dreary mound
And stalk along the solemn ground,
Whose ghastly forms of pale affright
Double the terrors of the night.
Now, the *Lotharios* of the age
In their infernal schemes engage;
And issue forth, like fiends malign,
To execute their curst design—
The robes of Innocence to soil,
To drive away the virgin's smile,
To draw the tears from her meek eyes,
To rend her gentle breast with sighs,
Her virtuous reputation slay,
"Then cast the loathsome weed away"—
Or else, to *haunts obscene* they haste,
Where lewdness spreads her bestial feast,
Whose rites, that cannot bear the light,
Are hidden by the veil of night—
There the still hours for rest bestow'd
On man, the image of his GOD,
They in fierce revelries employ;
And, sacrificing real joy,
(Whelm'd in the vilest of pursuits)
Level that image with the brutes.

This is the season, this the hour,
Knowledge and wisdom to explore;
To read, or to expound the page
Of *Nature's volume*, to each age
Display'd alike by day and night,
Forever with instruction bright.
Yon azure vault, whose roof along
Ten thousand golden orbs are hung,
As but the shining pavement is
Of Heav'n's empyreal edifice,
Where uncreated being dwells
In boundless inconceiveables;
Or footstool of TH' ETERNAL'S throne,
To thought's sublimest flight unknown:
If so, the GOD OF ALL how great!
If so, how lowly man's estate!
But this with certainty we know,
That many orbs which yonder glow,
(As pearls when at this distance view'd)
Are thrice of earth the magnitude;
That tho' like gems, they arch our pole,
They are vast worlds, and ceaseless roll
Around their axis, and around
Their stated elemental bound,
In space immence and infinite,
Known only by the source of light.
What vast amazement fills the soul!
How great that pow'r who form'd the whole,
And still maintains the vast machine
In wond'rous harmony divine!
Hence—*Infidel!*—nor let your train
Of *doubtings feign'd* the truth prophane;
The universe proclaims abroad
Th' existence and the pow'r of GOD!
And thou, my soul, in rev'rence low,
As at HIS feet, devoutly bow:
To scan his works strive not to soar,
Nor doubt, nor question—but *adore!*
Before thy GREAT CREATOR fall,
Who gave thy life, thy good, thy all;
And ever with the Psalmist cry
(With hands and visage tow'rd the sky)
"When, as thy work, the heav'ns I view,
"The moon, the stars, the planets too,—
"LORD! what is man that thou shouldst mind
"And visit him in love so kind?"—
That Love, which call'd him into birth
(From nothing) to possess the earth;
That Love, by which he hourly lives,
And all life's choicest gifts receives;
That Love, which left the worlds of light,
To save him from eternal night:
That Love, which will his soul convey
To bliss in Heav'n's eternal day!

JUNIO.

CONTENTMENT.

BUT, ah! where can Contentment dwell?
Say,—in the hermit's mossy cell?
Or in the lowly, humble cot,
To cheer the lab'ring peasant's lot?

Or where does she her garlands twine
To deck creation's ample shrine?
Where can her genial poppies blow,
That ease the ling'ring victim's woe?

Then, Goddess, quit thy distant throne,
And call my panting heart thy home.
If Fortune frowns, or groves elate,
Alike oh let me meet my fate.

THE END OF THE FOURTH VOLUME.

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